

forest giant was anchored in the soil. What particular genus of giant it may have been seems pretty clearly indicated by the arrangement and appearance of its roots, for the stump sends off four enormous roots, each of which sub-divides into two small ones. This regular branching of the roots is characteristic of a remarkable tree of the carboniferous period, known as the *Sigillaria*, so-called on account of the peculiar seal-like marking of its back, from the Latin *sigillum*, a seal. That this is the true character of the missing tree is further shown by the spots or pit-marks on its roots—an appearance distinctive of the *Stigmaria* root—the fossil rootlets to which these marks are due being still in some places visible. In the sandstone, therefore, of which this fossil stump consists, we have probably preserved a cast, as it were, of the stump and roots of a gigantic *Sigillaria*. If this view be correct, then could we transport ourselves in imagination back to a period towards the close of the carboniferous era, our fossil stump would be seen under very different conditions. The rocky bed on which it now rests would then appear as a swampy flat, reeking under a tropical sun, and in place of the stump would rise a tall and graceful tree, strangely different from modern vegetation, with its trunk fluted like a corinthian column and covered with grassy leaves. But earthly beauty was transient even in those remote days, and the beautiful *sigillaria* perishes, for an inundation of sand to the depth of two feet or more has overspread the swampy flat, above the sand the tall trunk decays and finally snaps off, and to complete the desolation the hollow stump fills up with sediment. Then comes the last event in its rock-written history. For fresh inundations of sand crush it beneath their ponderous mass and shut it out for ever from the light of day, unless, perchance, disinterred in our own prosaic age by the pick-axe of the quarry man, it returns to tell the geologist the strange story of its burial.—*E. MacKay in the Enterprise*.

Teachers' Salaries.

A correspondent in the *Toronto Educational Journal*, cites a case which may find many parallels in other parts of the Dominion, he says:

"Last year I engaged in a good country school at a salary of \$350 per annum. The inspector used his influence, however, to break the engagement on the plea that so large a school needed an experienced teacher. I was offered another school shortly afterwards at a salary of \$325, and I foolishly accepted for fear I should not get one, being led to do so also by the hope of an advancement next year. Now, although I gave good satisfaction to trustees and

inspector, raised the standing of the school considerably, and won the confidence of both parents and children, I was refused an advance on the ground that 'we can get lots for a smaller salary.' I told them to advertise. They did so, and received about twenty applications. I heard them read; some of them were simply abominable. The trustees were all in favor of one young lady, but because another was willing to engage for \$25 less, the latter received the appointment. She enters on the noble work of teaching for the paltry sum of \$275 a year—far less than is given to any ordinary farm laborer. Who is responsible for this?

One of the trustees said to me afterwards: 'You teachers have yourselves to blame for the small salaries that are paid. You cannot blame us for getting a teacher as cheaply as possible. Now most of the applicants here were pupils of the Model school. Had they all agreed to apply for a certain sum, one of them would have got it anyway. All their testimonials were good. It was only the toss of a copper who would get it, and the one who did might as well have had a reasonable salary as not. I got applications naming a certain sum and cards in a few days afterwards, offering to take \$25 or \$50 less. Thus you eat one another's throats.'

I am out of a school because I refused to take less than my services were worth, and I would chop cordwood for a living all winter rather than resort to such tactics."

Daily Bread.

Excessive anxiety and gloomy anticipation are the bane of many lives. Troubles are brooded over that never come, or, if they come, are not half as bad as was imagined. Few are content to live day by day and hour by hour, taking things as they are sent. A different course, however, is foolish as well as wrong. "Daily bread" is what we need. Would we not count him a fool who would eat and drink for to-morrow? Who dresses for to-morrow? Is it not equally foolish to bear the trials of another day as well as those that belong to the period through which we are passing? "As thy day." God measures out a portion to each person, and gives it as he is able to receive it, and according to promise. "So shall thy strength be." It is grace according to need or supply, as God orders the condition—not as man makes it but as God appoints it. He who falls into line finds the back suited to the burden. He who violates the Divine arrangement suffers by increased worry and vexation and by being out of joint with the purpose and operation of the God of Providence and grace.